

# OBSTACLE RACE FOR RUNNERS WHO TRAIL LOST WIRE

Swamp, Pigeons and Rats  
in Path, and a Few  
Germans

# CINCH, SAYS LIEUTENANT

But He's Been Looking for Pri-  
vates Ganigu and Berry Ever  
Since He Said It

Through the blackness of the Argonne night Private Joe Ganigu and Sam Berry, battalion runners, stole forward through a dense undergrowth. Ganigu with his left arm clasped around a box of carrier pigeons and his right main-  
taining contact with Berry, who was following a telephone wire that led off toward the front lines and their destination.  
Suddenly, Berry halted Ganigu by thrusting an open palm back into the latter's face. "Keep quiet, for God's sake," Berry said. "We've walked into a German P.C."

# Orders to Follow Wire

The pair had set forth an hour before to follow the telephone wire from a P.C. On arriving at the P.C. they were to deliver the box of pigeons, which had been requisitioned by telephone. Then they were to return by the same route to their starting point.  
Berry hung on the telephone wire like grim death, fearing that if he were to let go for one instant he would be unable to pick it up again from the string of twisted strands of which it was one of the indistinguishable many.  
The pair halted after following the wire to what appeared to be the outer edge of a vast swamp. At first the water was only above their shoe tops, but gradually it became deeper and deeper. Before long they were in it to their waists, then they were wading up to their armpits.

# On Dry Ground at Last

Ganigu held his box of pigeons over his head, while Berry picked away at the wire. They had waded almost a kilometer, it seemed, when the wire that was following became so twisted in other wires that they could not make head or tail of it. In the darkness and the wet, all wires felt alike.  
Ganigu waded on ahead with his pigeons and finally announced to Berry, still in the water, that he had reached dry ground. He placed his pigeons on the ground and then followed the wires back to where Berry was clinging to the original wire, his teeth chattering, and swearing at intervals in a way that would have shamed the most able mule skinner of that division.  
When the two runners had disengaged the tangle and made shore, they found the pigeons in a great flutter. Some animal, a rat in all probability, had discovered them in Ganigu's absence and had made attempts at plunder. In the excitement of the discovery, Berry let go on the previous wire, whereupon he had to wade back to the center of the pond and pick it up again. He was not sure he had the right wire, but both runners were willing to take a chance on it rather than go back and start all over again.  
Following the uncertain wire, the two kept on through the woods, through dense undergrowth and over shell holes, until Ganigu, bringing up the rear, saw Berry disappear from sight in what appeared to be a deep well. Berry was unhurt, but he had lost his wire again. He climbed out of the hole into which he had stumbled and again chose a wire from among the many, hoping that luck was with him.  
Another hundred meters and that wire came to an end. It was a dead wire.  
Ganigu this time did the choosing of a new wire, and it had led them to the German P.C.

# Blankets Cured in Tunnel

The biggest blanket fumigator in the world—a long tunnel in a hillside overlooking the ocean at St. Nazaire—is being planned by the Engineer Corps in cooperation with the office of the Chief Surgeon. It will disinfect and sterilize the thousands of blankets from transports, as well as from camps.  
Blankets will be conveyed on the endless chain principle through a series of chambers in which they will be exposed to high temperatures and special disinfectants.  
"Have you been favorably mentioned since you joined the Army?"  
"Yes. Twice I was reported sick in quarters."

# BEATING THE CENSOR STILL POPULAR GAME

But Not Many Attempts to  
Spread Forbidden News  
Get By

# TOO MUCH ON ENVELOPES

Little Difficulty Experienced With  
Souvenirs—49 Languages  
in A.E.F. Now

The A.E.F. is just the same old in-correctible as ever, according to the Base Censor, in the way it insists on trying to let Mamie or Mother know where it individually is in France. But—and this makes the work of the Base Censor a lot easier—its methods of conveying that precious information are so fatally simple that they're caught in a minute.  
For example, any member of his staff, with the aid of a home town directory and French atlas, could decipher this: "If you will take the first three letters of Paris name, add the last three of the name of our street, plus the middle two of our minister's name, you will know where we are at."  
Whether he goes to the trouble of deciphering it or not, he just takes up the old snippers and runs them through the body of the offending letter.  
Another thing, dear to A.E.F. members, old and young, that bothers the Base Censor a lot is the way they will insist on putting their brigade or division numbers with their address on the outside of their envelopes.  
Sin of Overaddressing  
"Overaddressing" is what the censor calls this particular besetting sin. He admits that divisional pride is a good thing, and that it helps to win wars; but he adds, just the same, that the outside of envelopes isn't the place to air it.  
The buck who starts his letter off by saying: "I've got a chance to send this home by a man who's going back to the States, so at last I can tell you how things really are over here," never gets his information across, for the simple reason that the man who is going back to the States is never able to carry out his part of the bargain. Why? Ask the man who has owned one of those letters; perhaps he'll tell you. The base censors know how and why, because he has seen a lot of that kind.  
If your girl lives in the States or one of its dependencies you can send her your picture, up against a "neutral" background, for all the Base Censor cares; but if she lives in England, Italy or another Allied country, you can't. It's tough on those who are trying to cement the entente cordiale, but it's nevertheless true. G.O. 146, however interpreted, does not allow it; and the censorship is charged with the enforcement of that order.

# Souvenirs Mostly O.K.

In one particular the A.E.F. is behaving pretty well, mail-wise, in that it isn't trying to slip through any forbidden German souvenirs. Hun helmets there are in plenty going back with the censor's blessings upon their now even emptier heads, but none of the stuff that G.I.s like to keep for life.  
On the other hand, the A.E.F. as a whole seems to think that it can tell lots of things to another man in the Army that it couldn't tell to the folks at home. This is not so; it is far better to have risky information slip by in the States than to have it over here in the pocket of a fellow-fighter who may come into close proximity to Germany any day, says the censor. Also, the old excuse that "the Germans know it, anyhow, so why conceal it?" doesn't go. There are a lot of seemingly obvious things the Germans want to know, and can't find out, according to the Base Censor.  
Just to explode an old myth, officers who censor their own mail have nothing on the rest of the Army. They get their mail run through ever so often, just like anybody else. And, says Mr. Base Censor, they're no more indiscreet nor over-careful than anybody else in the A.E.F. Yes, the "base" is still doing business, and in 49 languages.

# A.E.F. SHOP TALK

No sweaters will be issued by the Q.M. this winter, and only enough to supply a small fraction of the A.E.F. will be given out by auxiliary organizations, who will select the recipients from truck drivers, observers and other men who will need them most.  
A limited number of enlisted men of the Air Service are receiving instruction in flying at A.E.F. aviation instruction centers.  
The American Red Cross has appropriated a fund from which newly married lieutenants may borrow money with which to buy officers' outfits.  
"Jackie," as the *nom de guerre* of the man of the sea is falling into vogue, a column which preceded the demise of the late "Sammy." The sailors are now trying to pick an appropriate name for themselves.  
Officers will wear the insignia of their rank on all occasions, and the Sam Browne belt will be dispensed with only when going into action or while in the front line trenches, says G.O. 182, which adds that "every possible effort will be made by officers to present a proper personal appearance, even under adverse conditions."  
Three packages of chewing gum were in the pack of every man in a Field Artillery regiment when it sailed from the States recently. Two hundred and fifty pounds of chewing gum might save one hundred gallons of water," said the colonel.  
The American Red Cross is establishing throughout Italy a home service for fund-raising in Italy having members in the A.E.F. The new service corresponds to the one already established in America. G.O. 182 calls attention to the fact that troops backed entirely around any obstacle to die and provides that, hereafter, instead of being tied to trees, animals will be tethered to picket lines. If the picket lines are attached to trees, the trees will be protected by sucking or by some other effective method.  
Among many telegrams received from all parts of the world recently by General Pershing, congratulating the American troops upon the success at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne are two from cities in South Africa and one from the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. "Bonfire tonight of all German text books," wired Toulon, Wis., and the Institution of Gas Engineers, an assurance that they would "maintain the supply of raw materials for the manufacture of the high explosives essential to complete victory."  
The Red Cross is planning to provide beds for casualties at several French railroad junctions where train connections are uncertain and all-night waits frequent. At one place 240 beds have been installed for enlisted men and 100 rooms provided for officers.  
A 400,000 candle power flash to light up ground targets has been perfected for the use of American bombing aircraft.  
The A.E.F. has bought every buyable sheepskin in Spain and Portugal to make deerskin coats for the men in the line, according to the Q.M.C.

# FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS

I send this message to our brave boys across the Atlantic. We regard you as the saviors of your country.  
We earnestly hope that you will come back to your beloved America, safe and sound. Or if you have wounds, which will be honorable wounds, which you will exhibit with pride to your mothers and families, and in years to come show them to your children and grandchildren.  
Keep a clean heart in a clean body, and may God be with you.  
Faithfully yours,  
(Signed) J. Cardinal Gibbons.

# HOME FOLKS' FACES IN BATTERIES' FILM

Massachusetts City Sends  
Best Letter Ever to Its  
Artillerymen

The best letter from the folks back home to the boys at the front has been received in France. It is from Salem, Mass., to batteries D, E, F, and Headquarters, Field Artillery, the members of which were all recruited in Salem.  
It is 2,000 feet long, and more effectively than any letter ever did before, it gives first-hand, and indisputable evidence of the state of health and last-minute appearance of the people who are stirring the coals in the home fire grate.  
The letter from Salem is a movie. It is a two-reel, 30-minute thriller conceived and staged by the Salem Club and played by a cast of several thousand on the Salem Common one Sunday early this fall.  
Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, nor any other motion picture star ever saw it. They might have things to say about the acting if they did, but, nevertheless, the film is a clinic to the highest success ever in any time a bunch of the Salem artillerymen see it.  
The several thousand-actors in the piece all are relatives of the members of the four batteries. They lined up, according to the batteries to which their soldier-kin belong, and paced in review before the camera. Varying hats, handkerchiefs and service flags they marched six abreast toward the lens, dividing as they approached, but not before they had left a good "close-up" likeness of themselves.  
Fathers, mothers, grandparents, kid brothers, sisters, big and little, aunts, uncles, cousins, the girls they left behind them—they're all in line, even, it is suspected from the obvious pride and zeal with which some infants-in-arms are flourished before the camera, a son or a daughter or two whose papas are going to see them for the first time in the movies.

# CANTEENS CHANGE HANDS

Y.M.C.A. canteens and post exchanges at 15 base hospitals were taken over today by the Red Cross in compliance with an agreement between the two organizations under which the Red Cross will hereafter operate all hospital canteens and the Y.M.C.A. take exclusive charge of canteen business at the front. The Y.M.C.A. will continue to furnish entertainment at hospitals.

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# REAL REST CAMP NOW BEING BUILT

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Room to Spare

A panorama of waves and beaches out in front and a setting of tree-covered hills behind, sea breeze, sun and sky to match; miles upon miles of tents and wooden barracks, spaced between winding roads and drives lined with shrubbery and whitewashed stones; a sort of an ocean-side spotless town of canvas and brown-stained walls and roofs—this is the vision of a new rest camp for the A.E.F. that is now spreading itself into being at a base port in the south of France. The camp is to care for more than 50,000 men, 25,000 of them in tents. This camp will take soldiers as they land from the transports and shelter them while they shake off their sea legs and store up fresh energy for the hard work ahead. It is expected to be what many other rest camps so far have been unable to be—a rest camp in the real meaning of the term, and not a place whose name whenever recalled is the subject for sarcastic humor.  
Incidentally, while the new camp will give thousands of American soldiers their first acquaintance with France, it is designed for use also when the tide of American soldiers turns away from France. Sometime—nobody can guess when—men will go down from it to march on board the ships that will take them back to a certain port in the United States whose harbor scenery is largely smoke, 36-story buildings and a statue with a torch.  
There will be no crowding in this camp. Plans originally were to make it accommodate 75,000 men. Plans now call not for a smaller camp, but for a roomier one.

# NEW ELECTION FRAUD LAW

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
AMERICA, Oct. 31.—A new element in this year's elections will be the fact that this Congress has just passed a Federal law providing heavy Federal punishments for frauds committed in State elections for seats in Congress.

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# FOURTH FRENCH LOAN AVAILABLE TO A.E.F.

G.H.Q. Bulletin Outlines Conditions and Advantages of Purchase

Information concerning the fourth French war loan, known as the Liberation Loan, and the manner in which members of the A.E.F. may buy bonds, is contained in a G.H.Q. bulletin, No. 79, published at the request of the French Government. Sale of the bonds was opened October 20, and subscriptions will close November 24. The bulletin says:  
These bonds are the direct obligation of the Government of France, which guarantees their payment and their not being converted within 25 years.  
They bear 4 per cent interest on their par value.  
They are sold at a discount, so that you pay 70 francs 80 centimes for a 100-franc bond.  
The bond sold at this discount pays interest at the rate of 5.65 per cent on the actual money invested.  
Interest on these bonds paid quarterly, by coupon, first payment being due on January 10, 1919.  
One of the attractive features of this investment is that if these bonds reach par value, the capital invested would be consequently increased by 41 per cent.  
Payments for subscriptions may be made on delivery or in four quarterly installments: First instalment on subscription; second instalment on January 10, 1919; third instalment on March 1, 1919; fourth instalment on April 10, 1919.  
Any bank will take subscription.  
The note was transferred to G.H.Q. by the Commissioner General of Franco-American War Affairs.

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